

We Meet By IM

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Category: Hamtaro

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2006-07-15 04:42:46

Updated: 2006-07-15 04:42:46

Packaged: 2016-04-27 02:22:36

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,094

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: To get her mind off her breakup with Maxwell, Sandy decides to IM a few friends. But what happens when someone IMs her? Someone named...Kether Harding? Oneshot dedicated to ketherandsandy4ever! Thanks for letting me use Kether, buddy!

We Meet By IM

Sandy raced up the stairs to her bedroom, and plopped down on her bed. She buried her face in her fuzzy purple pillow, and began to cry.

"Yo, sis!" Stan said, coming into Sandy's room. "We're having a guest come soon, so, get ready."

"I'm not in the mood Stan." Sandy mumbled from her pillow.

"Not in the mood? Not in the mood!" Stan said. to the back of Sandy's head. (Well, her face was buried in her pillow wasn't it?) "Sandy, you love guests, how can you not be in the mood?"

"Maxwell broke up with me." Sandy mumbled again.

"He WHAT!" Stan yelled.

"Thanks for feeling bad for me." Sandy said, looking up at Stan with her glassy looking green eyes.

"Feeling bad for you? Are you kidding? I'm feeling happy for you!" Stan cried out in happiness, giving his sister a hug. "It's about time you start going out with someone cooler than that dork!"

Sandy glared at her brother.

"Don't say that about Maxy!" Sandy yelled.

"Why? He broke up with you! That means you must think he's a total jerk." Stan said, sitting next to his sister on her bed. "So you

should be thanking me for insulting him!"

"Yeah...I guess you're right." Sandy muttered.

"When have I not been right?" joked Stan.

"Haha." Sandy said sarcastically, rolling her eyes. "I just don't get why Maxwell would break up with me..."

"Maybe because he has no taste in women." Stan said, flashing his, very surprisingly, white tooth smile. Sandy let out a small giggle, but it faded as her eyes started to look watery again. Stan's grin faded into a frown.

"Sis, I'm sorry. I knew you were, like, in love with the guy." he finally said , finally seeming like he was serious.

"Thanks..." Sandy said, wiping her eyes with a tissue. "I remember him saying tonight, that we weren't meant to be because, well, we were opposites. And when I asked him why, he got extremely harsh and yelled, 'Well Sandy, you're being quite idiotic tonight! Don't you know some opposite couples usually break up? Well, we're one of them!' "

"Oh man...what a son of a-" but before Stan could curse, Sandy quickly covered his mouth and gave him a, Be-polite-for-once look. "Sorry about that. Anyway, what happened next?"

"Oh Stan, after that, we began fighting big time. We screamed at eachother, insulted eachother, and finally, I couldn't take it anymore, and I slapped Maxwell straight across the face, and simply said, "At least I'm a lot nicer than you you-" " Sandy said, then whispered the rest of what she said in Stan's ear.

Stan gasped.

"Has the world gone crazy? Sandy, my wittle sis Sandy, actually swore and added a few quite nasty words in a sentence?" Stan cried out, then put his hand over his mouth, acting dramatic. "I think I'm going crazy..."

Sandy grinned at her brother's joke. He always did know how to cheer her up in situations like this.

"Oh Stan, you always make me laugh!" Sandy said to her brother, giving him what she calls, "Stan and I's special family hug." "But, I'm sorry, I'm not in the mood to visit guests right now. I think I'm just going to just IM a few friends."

"Well, if you say so..." Stan said, getting off Sandy's bed, and walking towards her door. But before he left her room, he turned around and said, "Oh and Sandy, for your next boyfriend, I recommend someone who's, well, not the opposite of you, so you won't get hurt again."

Then, Stan walked out of her room, and closed the door.

Sandy plopped back on her bed, and let out a long sigh. She didn't want another boyfriend. She wanted 'Maxy-kins' (one of her nicknames for Maxwell) back.

"Oh well...guess I'll just go IM a couple people..." Sandy said sadly to herself. Then, she dragged herself to her computer, and began IMing...

A Few Minutes Later...

"Hahahahaha! Oh that Pashmina! She is like, a comedian!" Sandy laughed, as she was talking to Pashmina on IM. She began to type back to her, until...she saw her brother's IM name on a IM box...

"\*\*Wassup?\*\*"it said on the little window.

"\_Stan, aren't you supposed to be downstairs with the guest?"\_ Sandy typed to him.

"\*\*This ain't Stan, luv.\*\*" the bold text said.

'Luv?' Sandy thought to herself. 'I thought Stan said he hated that word?'

"\_Stan, are you feeling ok? You said you hated that word. In fact, you even said it was a swear word."\_ Sandy typed to him, then pressed the 'Send' button.

"\*\*For the last freakin time. This ain't Stan.\*\*" she saw on the IM window.

"\_Then who r-wait, are u the guest?\_" Sandy continued typing.

"\*\*Durr\*\*."

"\_Oh well, uh, hi.I'm Stan's sister, Sandy.\_" Sandy greeted the guest.

"\*\*I kno.\*\* \*\*Ur bro told me bout u.\*\*" the guest typed back.

"\_Really? Wait, are you a friend of his?\_" Sandy typed.

"\*\* Yeah, I'm Kether Harding.\*\*" Sandy read the bold text.

'Kether...cute name.' Sandy thought to herself. 'Wait..what did I just say in my thoughts?'

"\*\*R u gonna b silent or speak, luv\*\*?" Kether typed to Sandy.

"\_Yah, I'll speak. But whats with u saying luv?\_" Sandy typed back to him.

"\*\*I think its kool. But I guess the only reason you don't think it's kool is because u ain't cool, huh?\*\*" Kether typed to her.

Sandy's eyes formed into a glare, as she read this. How dare he call her not cool!

"\_Hey! I bet I'm cooler than you!\_"Sandy typed, still a little mad about what he typed.

"\*\*Excuse me luv?\*\*" Kether typed to her.

"\_Stop typing that!\_" Sandy typed back angrily.

"\*\*I think I have the right to type anything I want, luv.\*\*" Kether typed back to Sandy.

Sandy groaned. Man, this guy didn't know when to quit!

"\_Except luv.\_"Sandy typed, getting pretty annoyed by that word.

"\*\*Who said?\*\*"

"\_I did!\_" Sandy protested.

"\*\*Wow...sure scared me luv. (that was sarcastic!)\*\*" he typed over to her.

"\_Ok, that is it! Stop saying luv NOW!\_" Sandy typed, very fast. And when she types very fast, that usually means she is pretty annoyed...

"\*\*Luv luv luv luv luv luv.\*\*"typed back Kether, showing Sandy he wasn't going to quit.

"\_Stop..." Sandy still typed fast.

"\*\*Luv...luv...luv...oh its the magical word called luv.\*\*" Kether continued to type.

"\_What if I told u I had a hundred bucks to give u if u stopped saying that?\_"Sandy typed. She laid her head on her computer desk, and muttered to herself, "Please don't say luv..please don't say luv..."

When Sandy looked up back at her computer screen, here's what she saw,

"\*\*LUV.\*\*"

"OH COME ON!" Sandy cried out. But soon, she found herself...giggling. She had no idea why, but there was something funny about the little argument she and Kether just had...

"\*\*Lol. Is it just me, or was that argument kinda funny?\*\*" Kether typed.

"\_I know it kinda was! Did ya hear me yell 'Oh come on' just a minute ago?\_" Sandy typed, still giggling.

"\*\*Yeah! And u bribing me with money to stop saying 'luv'!\*\*" Kether typed, and Sandy knew he was still laughing also.

"\_Lol, yeah, and you still wouldn't stop saying luv!\_" Sandy typed back to him, and apparently, she was still trying to stifle in her giggles. Man, talking to Kether on IM has really helped get her mind

off Maxwell. Then, the memory of that horrible night played back in her head, and her giggling stopped.

"\*\*I can't hear u giggling anymore. Something wrong?\*\*" Kether typed.

Sandy smiled a little bit. 'Wow, cute name, sense of humor, and hes careing!..wait, what did I just say again?'

"\_Well...my bf broke up with me tonight.\_" she typed, her tiny smile fading into a frown.

"\*\*Oh...sorry bout that luv.\*\*" Kether typed to her, seeming like he really seemed to care.

"\_Thanks for your concern...\_" Sandy typed, feeling so sad now, she didn't even noticed that Kether typed, 'luv'.

"\*\*But hey, cheer up! U were probably too good for him. U should get a cool guy for a bf. Someone who, maybe you just met on your computer...\*\*"Kether typed to her, then, he logged off IM.

Sandy blushed at the little comment Kether just gave her. But she began to feel a little dissapointed once Kether left. She was having a lot of fun talking to him...

"Whats up luv?"

Sandy shrieked and she fell off her computer chair. Lucky for her, her bedroom floor was carpeted.

"Am I \_that\_ bad looking?" a males voice said.

Sandy looked up from her carpet, and she found herself looking at a young teenage boy about her age. He had the cutest black, shoulder lenth hair Sandy had ever seen, and choclate brown eyes. He was wearing a black shirt with a red and black striped tie, and black jeans with chains all over them. As Sandy looked at him, she couldn't help herself but stare at his good looks.

Kether couldn't help but stare himself. Sandy had her short, but pretty reddish blond hair tied up in a little pigtail, and she was wearing a red tank top, and a denim miniskirt, with red highheels. And the more Kether stared at Sandy, the more hotter she seemed to him.

"No, you're hot." Sandy quickly replied. She quickly covered her mouth, and her face turned redder than her tank top.

Kether flashed Sandy a hot smile.

"You're hot too." he answered, then covered his mouth as well, blushing like Sandy.

"Hey Kether!" Stan said, bargeing in on the two. When he saw the two blushing their heads off, and stareing at eachother, he smiled. "Yo Kether, if you keep stareing at my sis like that, you're going to be my brother in law."

"Stan!" Sandy yelled at her brother, hitting her brother hard in the

stomach.

"Yeah, really Stan!" Kether agreed, hitting Stan hard in his stomach as well.

"Owwwww..." Stan moaned, rubbing his now aching stomach. "Anyway, Kether, you gotta go home dude."

"WHAT!" Sandy cried out. "Why?"

"His mommy said so." Stan joked.

"Oh great..." Kether muttered. "Well, later Stan. I want to talk to Sandy for a minute."

"Ooooh, what kind of talk?" Stan joked.

"Out Stan!" Sandy yelled, quickly pushing her brother out of her room. She slammed her door, and looked over at Kether. "Now, what did you want to tell me?"

"Oh yeah, well, just wanted to let you know that I really am sorry about what happened with your boyfriend and all..." Kether said. "But, does that mean you're single?"

"Um, yeah of course." Sandy said, a little surprised at that question. "Why do you ask?"

"Oh, um, no reason." Kether quickly said. "And one more thing before I leave."

"What is it?" Sandy asked.

"Talk to you on IM tonight?" Kether said

Sandy smiled and nodded.

"Talk to you on IM tonight." she said.

Kether grinned at her, then started to open Sandy's door...but once he did, Stan flew right through the doorway, making Kether fall to the ground.

"Stan!" Sandy screamed. "Were you listening to what we said?"

"Maybe..." Stan said, trying his best to make an innocent face. But he couldn't help but grin.

"Oh my gosh Kether, are you ok?" Sandy cried out, bending down next to Kether on the floor.

"Yeah, of course." Kether said, getting up. "Well, uh, meet you on IM Sandy."

"Yeah, talk to you there." Sandy answered, smiling.

"Great. Well, see you later." Kether said, then walked out of the room.

Once Kether was completely gone, Stan had such a huge grin on his face, he looked waaaay out of character.

"What are you so smiley about?" Sandy asked him.

"Nothing. Just glad my sister has a new boyfriend." Stan answered.

"What! Oh no Stan, me and Kether just met." Sandy quickly replied, blushing a little.

"Ooh la la, how did you guys meet?"Stan said again.

This time, it was Sandy's turn to grin. And while she grinned, she answered, "We met by IM."

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file.